But when he pleaded with the maid To be regarded as her lover, She sighed a little, blushed and said,

"Please wait until the summer's over. And then began love's golden dream: To every picnic, every dance he Took her, bought her lemon-cream

And other things that maidens fancy At beach hotels with her he hopped,
For she was quite an ardent dancer—
At length the youth the question popped
And waited for the maiden's auswer.

It drew the sweetness from his life, It burned and scorched him like a blister; 'Twas this: "I cannot be your wife, But I will be to you a sister." Boston Courier.

DESERTED LOVERS.

"Our ship! our ship! See, Henry, she is sailing away without us. What can

The speaker, Lucy Morril, was a beautiful girl—a dark-eyed brunette; the person whom she addressed was her lover-Captain Henry Cavendish -a young man of twenty-six.

They had left the vessel in the dingy, only an hour before, to visit one of those isles of the Pacific ocean, near which the ship was then lying "off and on."

The name of the craft was the Swallow, and she was the joint property of Cavendish and of Lucy's brother. She contained a valuable cargo, which the 'two owners expected to dispose of at Sydney, Australia, at a profit of many thousands.

His share would, the captain had anticipated, afford him the means to commerce married life with, and he had already won a promise from the sweet girl, who had accompanied her brother on the voyage, to become his wife as soon as the cargo was sold.

Now, at Lucy's exclamation, her lover, who was in a small valley, gathering flowers for her, ran to the sum

mit of the hill on which shestood. "Aye, what can it mean?" he cried in surprise and dismay.

The ship had made all said, and, be, fore a fair wind, was receding from his

gaze at a rapid rate. He gesticulated-waved hat and kerchief in vain. On went the vessel and at last her hull was invisible, and

only her upper sails could be seen. Gradually these dipped lower and lower, until every vestige of the craft was lost to view in the distance.

The two looked at each other with blanched faces.

Here they were, left by themselves on this far away isle of the Pacific, which they knew was out of the track

of passing vessels.
"Something is wrong," said the cap-tain sadly. "I fear I have lost everything. I was in a fair way to be hap-py and prosperous. Now I am poorer than a beggar."

Tears rose in Lucy's eyes I advised you not to go into partner-ship with my brother," she said, "but I did not believe he was dishonest. I thought he was only wild and reckless.

Now I do not know what to think." has spoiled our happi Cavendish. "Probably we will never see the craft again, and as I am thus penniless, I cannot think of obliging you to fulfil your promise of being my

For several moments Lucy's dark eyes were veiled by their long lashes; then she threw herself weeping on her

lover's breast. "Can you believe me to be mercenary?" she said. "Oh no, Henry; I am

yours the same as ever.' "But," replied Cavendish, "we have no money to live on now, if I should

make you mine."
"We hardly need money here," said Lucy, smiling.
"That is true; but we will want

"We would want that whether we were married or not," said Lucy

"And so you are willing to be my bride-to marry me now?" "I-I did not say so," she answered shyly. "It is for you to say."
"Who is here to marry us?"

"True enough; but-but-I don't know-I have heard that missionaries are sometimes on these far away is-

"We will go and look for one," said

Cavendish, offering his arm. They had not proceeded far when they met a native-a dusky, wildly-clad man, with long, black hair. He showed surprise on seeing them, and asked them many questions in broken Eng-

From him the lovers learned that there was a missionary on the island. Heguided them to that person's house, a small building, with a thatched roof. The missionary, an aged man, re-ceived them kindly and heard their

"It is seldom that vessels pass this way," he said. "I am afraid you will have to stay here for months. You will have to live principally on fruit

"Can we get plenty of that?" inquired Cavendish.

If you have a boat, you can go out and catch all the fish you want. As

inducing the missionary to perform

the marriage ceremony.

Assisted by the good 'man, the captain then set out about erecting a habitation. It was finished in a few days, and the missionary loaned the young couple a few utensils to "commence housekeeping" with. For a pocketknife and a silver tobacco-box, one of half-a-dozen dresses, which she had ob- they had probably been for some time the blue grass region of Kentucky.

tained, in exchange for fruit, from the master of an English vessel that had once anchored off the island. These dresses, Lucy, who was skillful with the needle, soon altered to fit her per-

And now, while Cavendish never ceased to regret the loss of his vessel and cargo, he and his pretty wife could not help enjoying their island life. The captain eventually had a thriving plantation, on which he cultivated not only fruit, but also vegetables.

In his boat—the Dingy—he would row miles away from the island to obtain fish, and often Lucy would accompany him.

Happy in eachother's society, the two at last became attached to their snug little island home, which stood, with its thatched roof, perched on a rising bit of ground above the beach, where the sea waves came rolling in white and high. One morning, after they had lived there almost a year, Cavendish left his wife to go on one of his

usual fishing excursions.
It was a calm, still day, and the young man, rowing far from the isle, was soon lost to the gaze of Lucy-who was watching him-in the misty distance

An hour later a terrific gale suddenly came sweeping over the ocean. The wind and the sea together roared with a din that was almost deafening, and it seemed to Lucy that the great waves, scattering sheets of spray that filled the air like white clouds, were as high as mountains.

Terrified and anxious on her husband's account, she watched in vain for his return.

"He is lost! He is lost!" she cried, wringing her hands. "His boat could not live in a sea like that. Oh,Henry! Henry!' The old missionary made his ap-

pearance. He strove to console her, but he could give no hope, for he, too, could not help thinking the captain The spray and the rack of the storm

covered the raging water for miles, so that no object could at present be seen through the cloud-like curtain. Straining their eyes to the utmost, the two anxious watchers vainly en-

deavored to pierce with their gaze rushing masses of vapor. All at once Lucy fancied she saw something like a black speck tossed and huried along towards the island.

'See! What is it?" she gasped. "An overturned boat," missionary, when the object had drifted

nearer.
"It is his boat!" Lucy cried in agony. Such was indeed the case. Broken and battered, the dingy in which Cavendish had left the island, was at length hurled high upon the

It seemed as if Lucy would lose her With wild eyes she gazed upon the

bont. Not a sound escaped her. She stood like a statue, staring at the broken dingy, as if she could not tear herself away from the spot.

"Come, child," said the missionary; 'come. It is hard, but you must try "I will stay here. I will watch for his body," she groaned. "It must soon come." to control yourself."

But she waited in vain. The waves refused to give her the

remains of her husband. She tottered to the little house, and, throwing herself down on a rustic lounge there, she gave way to hergrief. "To think that I will never, never see him again!" she cried "Oh; I wish that I, too, was dead!"

There was a bright, hectic each cheek, and a restless gleam in her eyes.

The words of consolation offered by the missionary fell unheeded on her

ears. A delirious fever was fast taking possession of her brain.

The old missionary went outside of the house, and walked to and fro, his

mournful gaze turned seaward. The violence of the gale had now abated and the atmosphere had cleared.

Far away the watcher beheld a large ship, apparently heading for the island.
"Here comes a vessel!" he called,
hoping thus to turn the young wife's mind a little from the grief.

She was on her feet and out of the house in a moment. With eager interest did she gaze on the approaching craft

Henry has gone, and I will never leave the island. I will die here, and when I die I must be buried in the sea, where he lies, and there we shall meet again." Wildly shone her eyes as she spoke,

and the missionary feared that her mind had already begun to wander. Meanwhile on came the ship, until she was within a mile of the beach, when a boat was lowered and pulled

shoreward. Asit drew nearer, there was a simultaneous cry of joy from Lucy and the missionary, for they recognized Captain Cavendish, standing in the bow, waving his hat to them.

"He has been picked up and saved!" cried Lucy's companion.

"Aye, aye, safe and well!" shouted the captain, hearing the words.

Soon after the boat's keel grated on the beach, and Lucy threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Have you no greeting for me?" said a voice near them. Lucy looked up to see her brother, whom she had not recognized on ac-count of his thick beard.

As the captain released her, he embraced and kissed her. to fruit, it grows wild on some parts of the isle, but to make sure of getting enough, you had better cultivate a plantation of your own."

The young man had no difficulty in inducing the missionary to perform the marriage correspondy. however, drifted away from us before

we could secure it. Now I find my sis-

ter, well and happy, still, I hope, having faith in her wild scamp of a broth-"Why did you desert us?" inquired Lucy. "Why leave us on this island?" You think of the heat and dust and "It was not I who deserted you, but din and weariness of the great city, the female natives sold to the captain | the men. They rose in mutiny, which | and thank your stars that you are in

planning, knocked me and the two mates down, tied our hands and feet, thrust us into the hold like pigs, and then, clapping on sail, headel away

from the island. "Their object as I afterward learned, was to take the vessel to some South American port, there sell the cargo, pocket the funds, and then make off inland, leaving the craft in our possession. They were not good navigators, and, therefore, they were many months beating about the Pacific Ocean.

"At last they were within some hun-dreds of miles of the South American coast, but by this time half the number concluded that their plan was not a feasible one. They would, on reaching port, be boarded by the authorities, questions would be asked, and detection, it seemed, would be inevitable. They were unanimous for freeing us and returning to their duty, provided we would promise not to punish them severely for what they had al-

"Two others did not like this proposition; the two parties quarreled, and the end of it was that they all finally resolved to desert the vessel in a body, and make for an island they saw in the distance. They did so, first setting us at liberty. They took the launch -the best boat we had-and many useful things from the ship.

With the cook and steward, there now were only five of us to work the ship. A few days later, however, we shipped some Portuguese sailors from the Felix Islands, off which we then lay becalmed.

"As these men wanted to go to Sydney, and would not ship until I had promised them I would make a 'straight wake' for that place, I was obliged to head in that direction, instead of retracing my course to the distant shore—a thousand miles away -on which you and Cavendish had been left.

"A fair wind favored me, and I finally arrived at Sydney, when I disposed of our cargo to a much better advantage than I had even expected. Then I shipped another crew, and headed for this isle, off which, it seems, I arrived just in time to save your hus-band's life. I have to add that his share of our profits is with mine, safe

under lock and key, aboard ship. A few days later, Captain Cavendish, now the fortunate possessor of many thousands, sailed away with his wife from the island. In due time the happy couple reached London, and on the outskirts of that city they erected a comfortable cottage-their future

THE BLUE GRASS REGION.

The Cultivated People of This Section and Their Happy Pastoral Life. Letter in the New York Evening Post. That one may hear the English language spoken here in purity; that the best magazines are read; that American authors are discussed and intelligently liked or disliked; that young ladies know good music and are as well tavor. dressed as those of New York; in short, that there is here a class of people who, in all that goes to make up culturewealth, travel, manners, morals, speech, etc .- are the equals of the best Americans to be found anywhere, are truths unsuspected by many, and doubtless incredible to many others Bring Seymour up and formally pre-with whom invincible ignorance or ingrained prejudice are obstacles to faith. The pastoral life goes on prosperously bluegrass region. It is necessary that by the arm. The scene that followed discrimination be made at the outset must have been all that Elliott desiras to locality. Between the dwellers in this rich rolling plain and the in-habitants of the river and mountain counties is all the difference, as respects cultivation and peacefulness, that one might reasonably expect to find between different races. Undoubtedly by the stranger who should visit this country for the first time, the class of people first to be met and studied are the more prosperous and intelligent farmers. He need not go among them armed to the teeth. In the vicinity of the towns he will find that some of them are men of business in town-bank officers, professors, lawyers, etc. And so they are men of ideas. They have private li-braries, they drive the most beautiful "I know that ship," she cried, in a voice of agony. "It is my husband's and my brother's—the swallow. But it has come too late!—too late! My their homes are sometimes worthy of an English park. Of course you will expect to see the herds of Jerseys and Durhams grazing over their fertile meadows. One of them may show you the stables where famous trotters or racers are being groomed. Another may take you to the aromatic shed where his men are pressing plete. the tobacco which has of late begun "Mi to be so largely cultivated in this part of the State. Another may open for you the bonded warehouse, where "old Bourbon" is stored away, barrel above barrel, tier after tier, and, of course, if you have a mind to, you can find out you. what "eld Bourbon" is when you return to the shaded veranda. You walk to some knoll, and from its summit cast your eye over the succession of meadow, field and forest. The negroes are fol-

GROWING OLD.

Growing old! The pulse's measure Keeps its even tenor still; Eye and hand nor fail nor falter, And the brain obeys the will; Only by the whitening tresses, And the deepening wrinkles told, Youth has passed away like vapor; Prime is gone, and I grow old.

Laughter hushes at my presence, Gay young voices whisper lower, If I dare to linger by it, All the stream of life runs slower. Though I love the mirth of children, Though I prize youth's virgin gold. What have I to do with either?

Not so dread the gloomy river That I shrank from so of yore; All my first of love and friendship, Gather on the further shore. Were it not the best to join them Ere I feel the blood run cold?" Ere I hear it said too harshly,
"Stand back from us—you are old."
—All the Year Round.

Time is telling-I grow old.

SYMPATHY AND LOVE.

Taking tea the other evening with an old acquaintance, now professor in a New England college, the conversation recalled some of the friends of our younger days, and he surprised me with this remark: "A woman's symrathies lie nearer her heart than her love." . But he surprised me more by the story he told to prove it.

"I guess it was seven years," he said, "that our chair of astronomy remained vacant. You know Dr. Merdon? It was justly that the world finally gave him fame. Well, after his death, the trustees were at a loss to fill his place. A weak man would have been insufferable there.

"Do you remember his family? Charming wife and daughter. They spent several years abroad after his death, and when they returned, notwithstanding that the widow still wore mourning, the number of our little social events doubled. The daughter had a string of millionaires after her constantly. Female society, perhaps you know, was limited, and it was with a foundation of truth that the fellows grimly joked about calling on the girls their fathers had courted before them. Charlotte Merdon was as fascinating a young woman as her mother had been, so say the oldfolks, and it was to her that Professor Lutz quoted from Horace, 'Oh, daughter! more beautiful than thy beautiful mother!' when he brought down on himself the ridicule of the mountainday party. Yes, she could have had the pick from a dozen rich boys, and I think she would have taken it, too, if she hadn't discovered that her mother was trying to influence her in their

At the senior party that year, Charlotte held court, as she did everywhere. She was surrounded by the rich fellows of Charlie Elliott's set. Elliott was happy that night. Charlotte had been unusually gracious, and her mother had made her favor clearer than ever. "'Ed,' said he, turning to his chum,

I tell you what will be great sport. fuse him. He won't know what to do, and there will be a deuce of a scene.' "The chum complied, and in a mo-

and happily year after year in the ment he had the reluctant Seymour ed. For a moment the poor student stood before the belle. It was not unlike the beggar and the princess. Her easy attitude contrasted strangely with his painful awkwardness. Elliott had not miscalculated. The effect was immediate. All eyes were turned toward the couple, and a smile went

around. "Charlotte Merdon saw it, and her cheeks flamed. She had digined the heartless joke. To the surprise of those about her, she begged Seymour to be seated-insisted that he should be seated. Then she tried to draw him into conversation. But it was impossible. Embarrassment seemed to have driven his wits away. Only one remark he ventured to make. Glancing at a protrait on the wall, he stammered out, "That's a good picture of the president." The protrait was taken thirty years before, and was anything but a good likeness of the president as he then appeared; the unfortunate remark caused another smile. Elliott was delighted: His joke was a splendid success. Poor Seymour twisted about in his chair and hung his head. His discomfiture was com-

at the picture, and did not smile. 'Yes' she said 'it is called a very good likeness of him just after graduation. Have you seen the president's flowers, Mr. Seymour? Let me show them to

"Rising and excusing herself, she led the young man into the greenhouse adjoining the parlor.
"The devil! said Elliott. I didn't

look for anything like that. "Seymour, rescued in this way from lowing the ploughs down the long rows the trying ordeal, hardly knew what to do or say. He felt as if a millstone of the young Indian corn. The shuttle of the reaper is heard in the wheat field had been taken from his neck. The on the distant hillside, and the faint scream of a locomotive as it rushes along the banks of the winding river. pain and the manner of relief worked strangely on his sensitive nature. He elt that he was in great debt to his A cool wind, sweet with the odor of wild rose and elder bloom, with the sacompanion. He wanted to kiss the lubrious smell of freshly cut clover, or newly ploughed earth, blows from this hem of her garment. He wanted to cry. He knew he was feeling and acting like a fool. He felt that he would quarter and from that. Above you is make a greater fool of himself than in the deep, serene blue, with white clouds drifting over. Under you is the deep the parlor. But some way he didn't care. He had lost all fear of the beaugreen of the velvet turf. Around you tiful girl. Her act of mercy had is an atmosphere the most luminous and crystalline. To you come the brought him nearer than years of coo of building doves, the notes of the speckle breasted lark, the shriek of the acquaintance could. He talked rapidly of the flowers, for he knew of them. Charlotte listened, listened inritated blue jay, the drowsy tattoo of the woodpecker, driving his bill against the top of a dying walnut. You think of the heat and dust and wondering why she cared to listen, lit-tle thinking that her sympathy had brought the awkward student nearer than he would have been had she known him a life-time and had never

seen him in pain. So, when he pointed | brings her to mind!'

out the observatory where he worked, the queerly-shaped building that showed its dark outlines in the moonlight, just over the campus on the hill, she wondered what it was that prompted her to beg him to take her there, to exact the promise that on the very next night he would conduct her through the buildings that had been built after her father's orders. She persuaded herself that it was a desire to see some manuscripts of her father's which Seymour told her had been left

there. Perhaps it was.
"Notwithstanding her mother's
mild remonstrance, the next evening found her with Brent Seymour in the telescope room of the observatory The roof had been let down and she was watching the stars.

"'I wonder if father often studied them from his room?' said she.
"'Whenever the sky was clear.'

"I wonder if he can see them now? "'No, I think that through one of them he is looking at us.'

"Far from science and astronomy far, very far from his scholarly stand point, the man's childish reply had taken him, but it carried him nearer to the heart of the girl than he dreamed. "Mrs. Merdon's disapproval of her daughter's visit to the observatory

with Seymour broadened into anger as his calls were repeated, and repeat ed often. An intimacy grew between the young people, that even to them-selves they did not undertake to ex-plain. The girl's friendship had open-ed a new world to the hard-worked student. Had he known more of life, he would have known he was falling in love. Over the other a secret was steal ing as steadily as comes over us the morning. A month had passed since the senior party. The two sat in the telescope room. She seemed to be studying the stars.

"'And do you remember,' she was asking, 'that evening you thought through some of them father was looking at us?'

"Do you suppose he can see us now?'
"'Yes,' (in a surprised way.)

"Then, hesitatingly, 'do you think he is glad—is glad to see us together? "'Won't you,' (the voice was very husky)—'won't you answer for me?'
"'Yes,' she said, in a voice as clear
as a harp-cord, 'I know he is.'

"Seymour wondered if his senses were giving away. He hardly knew what followed. He meant to ask—if she did not think her father would be glad to see them always together. Somehow the words seemed long and heavy and he could not make the words come. He had a choking sensation in his throat and eyes were blinded with tears. He felt just as he did in the greenhouse, the night of the senior party. He wanted to kiss the hem of her garment. He felt that he was in dept to her and falling deeper in debt every moment. He knew he was making a fool of himself, but he didn't care, He was the happiest fool that moment in God's happy world.

"'You are just as much mine,' she said at last, her hands resting on his head which some way or other had found a place in her lap,-'you are just as much mine as if I had done all the wooing myself.'

"The Merdon mansion had never een such a storm as followed Charlotte's avowal of her betrothal. Her mother insisted that she should never consent, never in the world, and the girl who had always honored her wishes above everything else was in distress.

"But you did not marry a rich man yourself, mother; why should you want me to?' she urged. "'I married a man who was great-

whom everybody knew; why, if you were to marry the man, whoever he is, who will fill his chair, I should be happy forever, but this fellow,'-and her dignation almost overpowering her, sheleft the room.

It was late in the evening when Charlotte stole up stairs. Passing her mother's room, she saw the door was partly opened. She knew what it meant. Women, even among them-themselves, make their reconciliations gracefully, gradually. She pushed the door open as her mother intended she should, and went in. The lady sat by her writing table; her head resting on her hand, and she was evidently sleeping. A little pile of letters lay before her, a picture beside them. Tears had dropped upon the letters and the pic-ture bore the stain of tears. Charlotte looked at the picture closely. The face was familiar.

Surely she had seen it before. But where? She could not place it among her acquaintances. Whose face was it? A broken uncertain voice seemed to say, 'That's a picture of the president. Her lover's remark of the portrait on "Miss Merdon took a deliberate look | the wall, the picture that her mother cried over. It was all clear, very clear, and she didn't care to read the open

letter by the picture. "'My poor, dear mother,' she thought, as, without awakening her, glided from the room, carrying with her the greatest secret of her lifetime, save

"It was after midnight when Mrs. Merdon awoke. She had hoped her daughter would come in. She wanted to tell her that she was no longer angry, she had been carried back over part of her own life, and she wanted to tell Charlotte, that after all, she must follow the voice of her heart that her own experience had taught her so. She was almost ready to confess to her although she had married a man who was great, whom every one knew, she-no, no, no, she could not tell her daughter that-she could not tell her daughter that! Very slowly she put the letters away, saying 'Yes I loved him then, and, God for give me, I have loved him ever since.'
"At noon the next day, a servant

Charlotte E. Merdon requests the pleasure of a few moments private conversation.
"I wonder what Addie Mather's daughter wants of me,' thought the

the reception room. 'How that girl

brought a note to the president's study

"In a dignified manner that even surprised herself, Charlotte began: "I understand that the trustees have given you the power regarding the professorship which my father's

death made vacant?" "'Have you made any provisions

" 'No.' "'Thave a candidate to present.'
"'What!—you! A candidate! Who

"Brent Seymour." "Charlotte's intimacy was not unknown to the president, but this astonished him:

"'It is impossible,' he said, 'I don't see how you can think of it.' "'Would you not do much to bring to you one you loved?' she asked bold-

"A peculiar light came into the grey eyes behind the steel-bowed spectacles.
"'Yes.'

"'How much?'

"'Anything.'

"'Would you give a professorship?" "The peculiar light increased. was almost ablaze. "'Will you give me this professor-

ship if I bring you one you love?'
"The grey eyes were now fairly aflame. She was understood. He sprang to his feet. 'Age seemed to fall from him like a

"'Girl' what do you mean?' he shout-

"'That she loved you all the time." Exchange.

Essay on Toothache.

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle. There are a great many alleged cures for the tooth ache, such as hot poultices, cayenne pepper, dynamite, tobacco, etc. If the sufferer is not addicted to the use of the last-named remedy, it might give him temporary relief-that is, it will make him so hideously sick that he won't have time to think about anything else than the trouble with which he is grappling. One chew of tobacco will give such a person about an hour's relief from toothache-then look out. Perhaps best remedy is to sit on a dentist's door-step; sometimes look-ing at his sign is all that is necessary. Still, it is best not to trust too implicitly on this means of relief. I have known people to travel for miles in search of a dentist, and when they finally reached his door the toothache would disappear, and they could only look foolishly in the servant's face who answered the door-bell, and say they didn't want anything—that they had pulled the wrong bell, etc. And I have known those same people to go home grinning all over at how they had out-witted their teeth and saved 50 cents into the bargain; but the moment their own door was reached there came a blood-curdling, nerve harrowing, hair-raising twinge of pain, and the accompanying shriek of agony told that the "battle was on once more," and the dentist several miles away. Then the first performance was re-enacted, with the exception that the sufferer walked right in and sat down in the inquisitorial chair, and had the offending tooth removed without any more ceremony than being hauled from his seat and around the room at the end of a pair of forceps. It is an experience that once enjoyed is never forgotten; it will return at the dead hour of midnight to threaten a man until he is almost scared out of hisboots—if he happens to have them on-at that unseemly time. It will cast a shadow of gloom over the most soulsatisfying enjoyment in the world to think that in another hour a fellow's wisdom tooth will resume its saturnalian orgies, and make him regret. that he was ever born.

Personal Gossip.

Queen Victoria wore the Koh-i-noor diamond at Beatrice's wedding.

The actual cost for Gen. Grant's funeral, at a moderate estimate, will be \$875,000. This for the city of New York alone. The late Colonel Fred Burnaby

prided himself on his descent from Ed-

ward I., and when reminded that monarch was a tyrant, would say: "No doubt. But I would sooner be descended from those who dared oppress the people then to belong to the people who are cowardly enough to submit to oppression." Somewhat astonishing is the fact that the formerly notorious Victoria. Claffin Woodhull is married in London

to John Biddulph Martin, a wealthy

banker, whose cousin, George Biddulph, is married to the daughter of Lord Sel-

borne, who is connected by marriage with Lord Salisbury. Charles Neuville, a gentleman with a talent for matrimony, has just died in the State Prison at Columbus, Ohio, to which he was sent in December, for bigamy. His usual plan was to provide for an illegality in the marriage, and to plead that when arrest-ed, but the thitreenth case proved unlucky. He left a message to his wife at Peterboro', Canada, declaring that she was his only love, as she was his

only lawful spouse. The appointment of General Mac-Pherson as successor of General Roberts in the command of the British. army at Madras, in India, is significant. He greatly distinguished himself in the Afghan campaign, and is one of the best fighting men of the British army. The new British Cabinet is putting the best men at the front in India.

It is said that Mrs. Sartoris will make a short visit to England this fall, and will then come back to this country with her children for the purpose of educating and bringing them up as Americans. It was the wish of General Grant that the children should be so educated. Besides this, Mrs. Sartoris is anxious to be with her mother for some time at least, and Mrs. Grant wishes to have her children.

about her.